

THE GREAT SONG "HIT" OF 1918

WE ARE GOING, FATHER WOODROW

A SWINGING RHYTHMIC PULSING
MARCH SONG



Words and Music

By

EDMUND M. CAPEN

Writer of

"Back Home I'll Come," Etc.

50

E. MINOT CAPEN
MUSIC PUBLISHER

343 PLEASANT STREET, MARLBORO, MASS

Respectfully Dedicated to the Armies and Navies of the Allies and the U.S.A.

WE ARE GOING, FATHER WOODROW

Words and Music by EDMUND M. CAPEN
Writer of "Back Home I'll Come" etc.INTROD.
March Tempo

VOICE

PIANO

can spirito

1. A - mer - i -
2. And when we

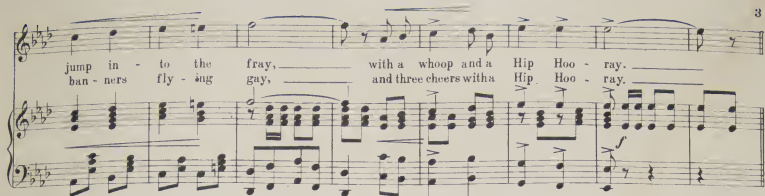
Vamp
f-p
can spirito
mf

ca were leav - ing you, to reach that dis - tant shore, We'll fight for
get a - cross to France, we'll make those Teu - tons run, Just leave it

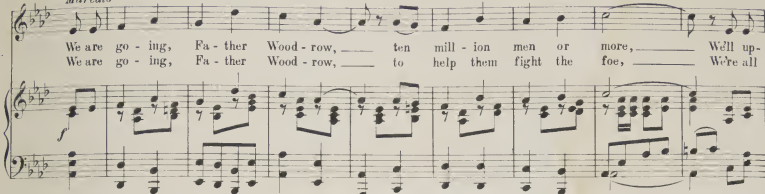
peace and lib - er - ty, as our fa - thers did of yore, We are
to your Yan - kee boys, we'll help to beat the Hun. Fa - ther

fighting for what is right, and we'll sure - ly do our mite, We'll
Wood-row we all will win, and we'll march in - to Ber - lin, With our

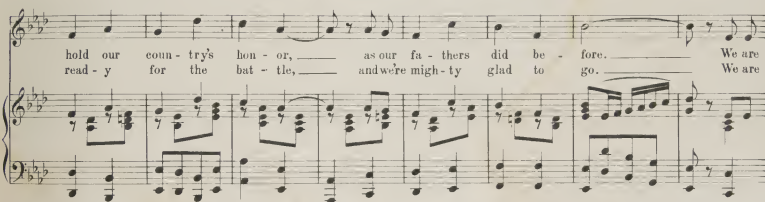




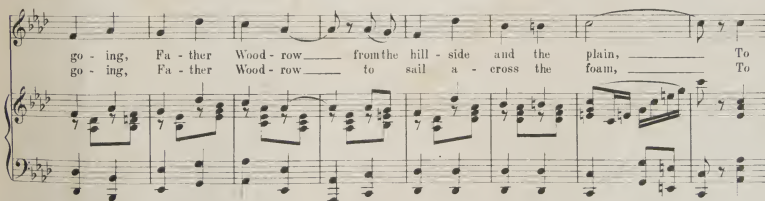
jump in - to the fray, with a whoop and a Hip Hoo - ray.
ban - ners fly - ing gay, and three cheers witha Hip. Hip. Hoo - ray.

CHORUS *Marcato*


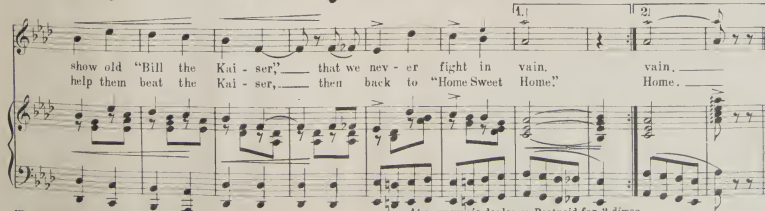
We are go - ing, Fa - ther Wood - row, ten mil - lion men or more, We'll up -
We are go - ing, Fa - ther Wood - row, to help them fight the foe, We're all



hold our coun - try's hon - or, as our fa - thers did be - fore. We are
read - y for the bat - tle, and we're migh - ty glad to go. We are



go - ing, Fa - ther Wood - row from the hill - side and the plain, To
go - ing, Fa - ther Wood - row to sail a - cross the foam, To



show old "Bill the Kai - ser," that we nev - er fight in vain, vain,
help them beat the Kai - ser, then back to "Home Sweet Home," Home.

BACK HOME I'LL COME

Words and Music by
EDMUND M. CAPEN

INTROD.
March tempo

VOICE *mf* VOICE

1. One day the ships went
2. Brave-ly her boy was

PIANO *f* *mf*

sail - ing a - cross the deep blue sea A sol-dier boy was leav - ing,
fight - ing, up - on that for-eign shore He saw their flag was fall - ing,

to fight for lib - er - ty His moth-er she was griev - ing, her heart was filled with
he heard the can-nons roar His com-rades they were call - ing, he heed-ed not their

rit.

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